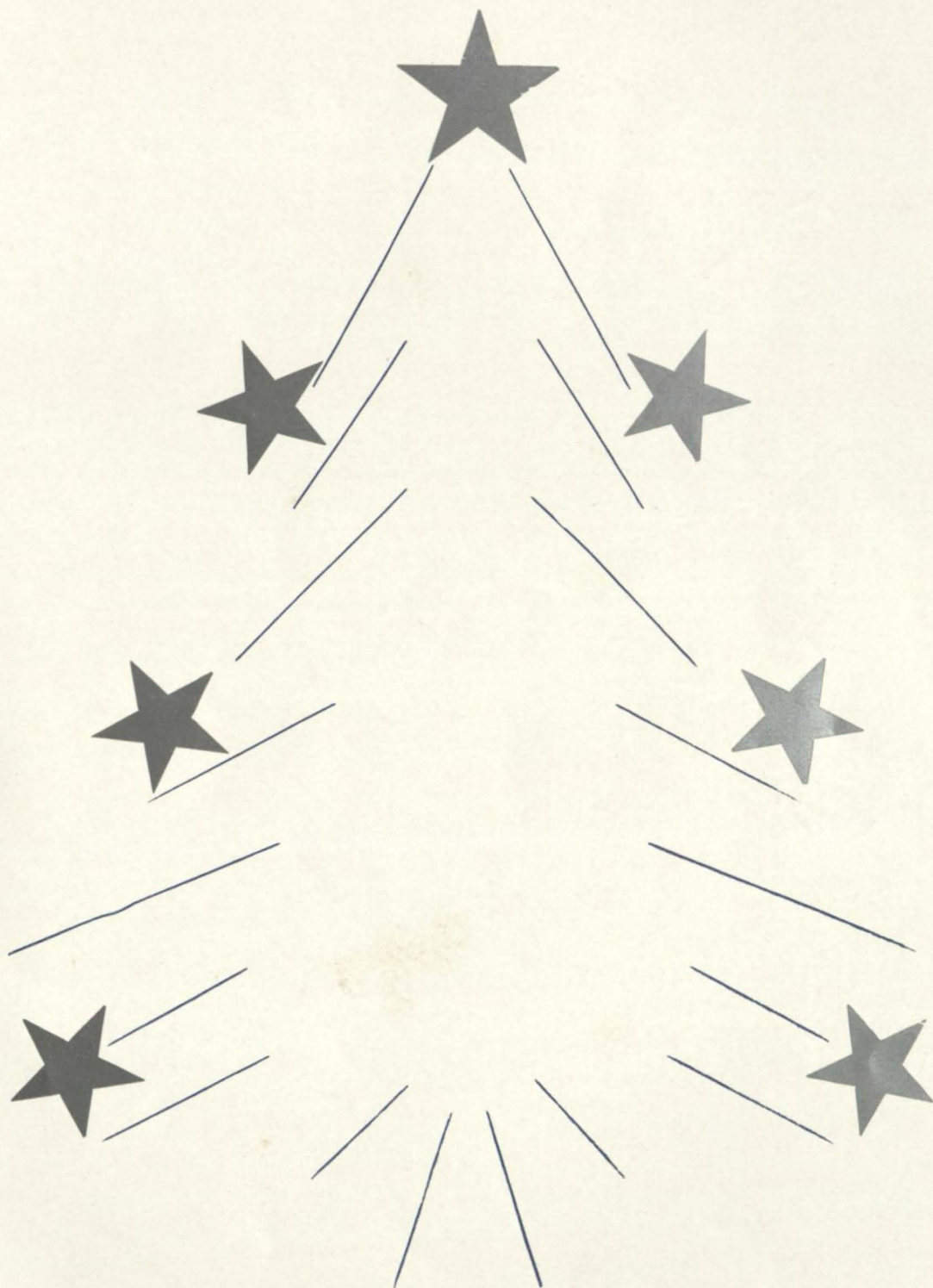




THE WESLEYAN



Literary Publication of the World's Oldest Woman's College

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Love came down at Christmas

*to blow away the dimness of the heart
and to write there words with a lift
as of heavenly wings.*

The path of Love was marked

*with the blood of small thoughts—
narrow, querulous, vain, useless thoughts,
weeds slain that the flower might live.*

And to our world Love comes again

*whenever a man bears in silence a cross,
or aids his neighbor and asks no reward,
or burns his hands
in the fashioning of a dream;
where a humble lad shares his loaf,
or one man gives his life for another.*

The Doctor

MARGARET HUNTER



HE rain had stopped and Jack herded two overjoyed dogs into the truck, cranked it up, and turned it around on the slippery road. The highway led straight through the little town and on out to a wide smooth road. After a mile or two he took a road off to the right, not as wide and not smooth at all, but leading to the best place for hunting in the whole country, he thought. He opened the gate and drove the truck into a rusty looking pasture to leave it there while he walked the rest of the way. He frowned a little when he remembered that last year he and Bit had been there hunting together. His mother was hurt at the way he treated his brother, but he certainly couldn't be happy about it all. He picked up his gun, crammed his pockets full of shells, and started across the field with long strides. The dogs were far ahead of him and he whistled to slow them down.

Well, this was to be a busy afternoon at home. It was the first week-end that his brother had been home since school started. They didn't get many holidays at medical school. He knew how the greeting would be—his mother crying and pop standing around turning through the paper maybe, watching out of the corner of his eye as Bit told them about his school. Jack had seen them do the same thing last year when he had been in college. It had been different this year for him though, because of Bit and his absurd ideas of studying to be a doctor.

He thought about the day his mother had told them how things were—a certain amount set aside for their education and how it took so much longer to study medicine. This meant that the education money had to be spread out. They had all decided, that is all but Jack, that there was nothing for them to do but let Bit go on to school and let Jack stay at home. He had been very angry about it and had argued with them. Why should he be the one to stay at home? Bit had been to school his four years and now it was Jack's turn. This doctor stuff was all the bunk.

No, he hadn't wanted to see his brother

this afternoon. What would there be to talk about? He knew now that he hated Bit for taking from him this thing that he had wanted so much. How many times he had thought of the fun and excitement of school and then felt himself grow sick at the thought of the idle, useless life that he was living now. There was nothing to do here. He realized suddenly that he was walking aimlessly, not noticing where, his gun in his hands. He didn't mind though; the air smelled cool and

MISSION

*Blue as the heavens
When on that holy night
The Wise Men followed the Star—
Leaping, sinking, beseeching,
My hands of flame are reaching
Skyward to Him, the heaven-born King
of men.
Slender and tall I'm standing,
Shedding light on the darkened world;
I am a Christmas candle,
Living this night for Him.*

—Mary Nell Sampley

clean from the shower and he liked walking in the fields behind his dogs. He could see them over on the next hill nosing around in the tall grass.

It was only now that he had thought how his mother must feel about the way he had acted all day. He had avoided the kitchen where there was certainly going on a discussion of Bit's coming home. He remembered that he had heard his mother talking to Minnie in her usual high voice as he had passed by the kitchen door. He had intended to go out to the stable and talk to Jeff this morning, but half way there he changed his mind. Even Jeff would be talking about "the doctor" as he, and for that matter all the hands, called Bit. That stuff! They were always asking him what to do for their "misery in the back."

He had walked around in the rain, mired up to his ankles in red mud. He had felt no desire to go back to the house. They hadn't said anything about Bit's coming but he knew what they were

thinking, and he had decided to get out of the way. He had gone into his mother's room and told her that he was going hunting. Jack remembered now that she had been quiet for a while and then had calmly asked him if he were not going to drive her to meet Bit. He didn't want to look at her and had fingered his watch when he had said that she could go in the car, that he would take the truck. She hadn't said anything but, "Ask your father if he will need Jeff. He will have to drive me if you aren't going."

For a minute he had felt like a worm, and then as always, there came that thing that said "he took your school, didn't he?" He had wondered what his father would say and had not wanted to go see him. He found him in the library and stuck his head in the door to ask if Jeff was going to be very busy that afternoon. He wondered sometimes if his father was as deaf as he pretended to be. Of course there had been no answer and he had had to walk over to his father's chair and tap him on the arm to get his attention. His father's look had certainly made him squirm. He hadn't said anything though but "So you're going hunting?" Then there had been a pause and his father had just looked at him. Sure, he had certainly been glad to get out of the house. Everyone made him feel so uncomfortable.

He glanced up at the shifting grey clouds. It probably would rain before he reached home. He wouldn't care only Mom might worry a little about him. She had been sweet today when he went back to tell her what Pop had said. He had put his arms around her and she had said "Stop, Jack, I'm busy." She had told him to go away when he had tickled the back of her neck, but he knew that she had been smiling. Yes, Mom was sweet and it made him feel better. He had reached out to untie Minnie's apron as he passed and hadn't she always said that it was a sure sign that he was feeling good when he wanted to tease?

The dogs had stopped and were waiting for him a little ahead. He walked as quickly and as quietly as he could on the sloping ground. His foot hit a rock and he stumbled. A whirr went up from the

grass—he had flushed a covey of quail. Two shots sounded, one after the other, and tiny bits of lead followed the flight of the birds. The dogs watched the game fall and waited for their orders to bring it in. They had sensed the excitement and were ready to go again when the three birds had been found.

"More rain," Jack muttered. It was falling harder than it had in the morning. Boy and dogs headed for the truck. He put them in on one side and ran around to get in on the other. Drops of water on the handle wet his dirty hands and he wiped them off on his heavy brown shirt. The birds were inside his hunting bag on the floor. He'd tell his mother he had brought them to her. She would like that. The road was worse than it had been when he came over it the first time. It had that shiny bright red color that warned him to watch out for slickness.

By the time he reached the main highway he had to switch on the headlights of the car. The rain had brought on the darkness quickly. He had the queer unreal sensation of having rain send needle points against the wind-shield and make him almost feel the moisture. He wondered if Bit had come yet, and he felt uneasy about the meeting that would have to come sooner or later. Well, he was in no hurry to get there.

The headlights hit and reflected a mass of something shiny as he rounded the curve. When he passed he saw an automobile piled over in the ditch. Might as well back up and see what happened, he decided. He rolled down the window and felt the misty rain on his forehead. He got out his flashlight, flipped on the light and turned it toward the wrecked car.

There it lay in the mud and water—a pretty sad sight. The front seat was on the ground and the upper side of the car was badly mashed. Under the mud he could see the green color. My Lord, his mother's car was green!

He was out of the truck and around to the back of the car, mud caking on his boots. The tag was crumpled, but he could see the license number—It *was* their car. He ran back to the truck and snatching it into gear, roared off up the hill.

There was no way to tell how long the car had been there. Mother and Jeff had probably started for Bit and then this terrible thing had happened. He could feel the blood leave his face and his hands

grow stiff. He didn't bother to slow down at the curve but went straight on through town and stopped with a jerk in front of his house. He was out of the truck before it had hardly stopped, leaving two puzzled dogs to get out the best way they could. The rain wet his clothes as he ran up the walk and on to the front porch.

His father was standing at the telephone inside the hall. When he saw Jack he thrust the receiver into his hands. "Your mother is hurt. Keep on trying to get in touch with the doctor. She needs him badly," and his father was gone.

The boy's hands shook as he picked up the receiver. The doctor—his father hadn't said which one—any one that he could find. Where would a doctor be? He called the drug store. No, the doctor was not there. He would try the office. How badly hurt was his mother? Where was Jeff? Why didn't someone answer?

In a few minutes his father came down the stairs and said, "We've *got* to hurry. She needs the doctor, son. Minnie is there with her now. Keep on phoning anywhere you think he might be. Try Mrs. Williams—she's sick and he might be there with her." He was gone again up the stairs.

His mother—injured . . . and no doctor! Jack couldn't realize that all this had happened. He rang the phone again and tried the doctor's office. While he was waiting he heard steps on the porch and turned breathlessly to see Dr. Adams come in the door. His father motioned from the top of the stairs and without a word from anyone, Jack followed the doctor up the steps and saw him close the door to his mother's room.

The hall was black and cold. Rain was beating heavily on the roof, pushing down, trying to get in. Jack caught a glimpse of a moving figure in the light that came from under the door and he thought someone was coming out. The shadow moved on. He shuddered. His boot made a sharp sound when it missed the carpet and struck the bare floor. What were they doing in there so long? He pushed his hair back from his forehead and ran his hand through the stringy damp mop. "Oh, God," he thought, "she's got to get well!"

The beam of light widened as the door opened. "How is she, Dad?"

"I don't know, son. The doctor's doing all he can." He didn't say anything else but walked over to the window that open-

ed on to the street and stood there. His shoulders drooped.

A sob caught in the boy's throat and he swallowed hard to keep back the tears. Everything depended on the doc—everything. He thought how insignificant he felt and how helpless they all had been before the doctor had come. A picture of Bit came to his mind—not the Bit that he knew now as his brother, but as Bit himself hoped someday to be. How do you feel when someone's life depends on you? Bit would know—Bit the doctor; that's what the hands called him now. His head came up with a jerk and he asked, "Where's Jeff?"

His father made a slight motion with his hand and said, "He was killed in the wreck. He was still breathing when we found him, but he died in the office before the doctor could get there. He might have had a chance if we could have rushed him to a hospital."

Jeff was dead! He couldn't believe it. If there had been a hospital nearer he might be living. Bit had once said something about some day building a hospital here and at the time it had seemed so silly. Now it was the one thing that seemed really necessary.

If Jeff had died, what about his mother? Doc was still there in the room with her. If he could go in and see what was happening—see for himself how much she was hurt, that might help.

The hall grew bright again as the doctor came out of the room and closed the door behind him. Four eyes were fixed on his face and four eyes grew misty when he said, "She'll be all right now. She's had a severe shock and will need plenty of rest. I didn't tell her about Jeff. I wouldn't talk to her tonight." Jack heard the voices fade away down the hall.

He stood for a long time leaning against the door. Mom was going to be okeh. Poor Jeff! He hadn't been so lucky. A hospital—that's what they needed and Bit was going to give it to them. He started down the stairs but stopped on the landing. There was Bit standing in the door talking to his father. Jack watched silently. Then his brother saw him and after a moment's hesitation Jack said, "Come on up."

Both boys met at the landing. No, there wasn't much to say but Jack muttered as they started up the steps together, "Won't be very long until you can go when people call and want the doctor."

Lost

ELEANOR SHELTON



Jimmy, shivering a little in the biting wind, trudged slowly toward the orphanage. Somehow he felt all empty inside, just like he did the night of the big flood, when his mother and daddy drowned trying to rescue Jenny, the mule. But he knew he wasn't going to cry; he hadn't cried since the day after the flood, when his mother and daddy lay in the church, and the air was so sweet and sort of heavy. No, he wasn't going to cry. All the tears had been driven out of his fierce little body since he came to the city. But it was Christmas Eve, and he was lonely.

He looked up toward where the sky ought to be, but he could only see a dim patch of smoky gray—the sun had vanished. Suddenly all his hatred of the city, with its ugly cloak of dust and smoke, rushed over him. He frowned darkly at the towering buildings and muttered fiercely, "Why don't yuh let thuh sun in? I wish you'd all fall down! I hate you; I hate everybody in you!"

This last statement was literally true. Four years in a badly managed orphanage in one of the worst sections of the city had transformed a mild country lad into a fierce little alley rat. At the ripe age of eleven he had come to hate everything and everybody in the world.

Every "kid", every brick, every piece of furniture that went to make up the orphanage had been the object of his intense hatred ever since that day they had branded him "country" because of his clumsy brogans. This hatred had crept

into and poisoned his whole life. He hated his job as newsboy; the hours were long, the papers heavy, and the pay little. He hated the noise and dirt of the streets, the rich people in their shiny cars, the cold pavements in the winter, and all the people hurrying incessantly.

He awoke wearily the next morning and went to the paper office. This day seemed no different from any other day. Even though it was Christmas he was still dragging his numb, bare feet over the cold streets to the office. In fact he hardly thought about it except to wish that he were far, far away from the ugliness of the city.

His boss in his jaunty sports suit was nonchalantly smoking while he ordered about the little newsboys as if they were mere slaves. Jimmy's whole soul flamed up in hatred and anger, but he controlled himself until he was outside. There shivering in his rags, he gave vent to his pent-up feelings.

"I'll get even with yuh! When I grow up, I'll have uh big office 'n I'll put my feet on the desk 'n pull my hat over my eyes, 'n then I'll make *you*—Paper, mister? Five cents. Thank yuh. Paper! *Pay-per!* Read all about thuh big fightin' in Asia! *Pay-per!*"

Though his audible tirade was interrupted, it continued boiling in his brain all day, as he stood on the corner shouting. He watched the people, hating them as they scurried by with their arms full of packages, too busy to buy a paper.

When night came, it seemed that he had never been more worn out. He could hardly force his tired little body to move in the direction of the orphanage. About a block from the news office, he heard a slight noise. Turning around he saw a tiny puppy wobbling along behind him. He paid slight attention to it however, until, exasperated by its continual whimpering, he turned and stamped his foot and shouted hoarsely to it to go away. After repeated attempts to chase the pup back, he picked up a rock and hurled it with an angry gesture. The pup's whimpering suddenly became a howl, and as he tried to walk, his leg knotted in pain.



At first Jimmy paid no heed to the pitiful sounds behind him, but once he turned to scowl sullenly at the puppy, and the little thing was so helpless looking that he stopped and stood there staring at it. Abruptly it occurred to him that he was treating the poor little homeless dog exactly like everyone had treated *him*. Feeling a sudden pang of remorse, he ran back and scooped up the puppy in his arms.

"Gee! I guess maybe you're lonesome, too! I guess maybe you wanted somebody to play with. And I hurt your leg when you was tryin' to be nice 'n friendly. Here—I'll fix it with this piece of my pants. Don't shake so much—you're gonna be my dog now."

A cold nose brushed against his fingers as he knelt to wrap up the puppy's bleeding leg. The small soft brown eyes brightened in such gratitude for this kind touch that suddenly a spark of something resembling love and tenderness flared in Jimmy's hardened little heart. He felt a smile grow up deep inside him and a desire to hug the little bit of a dog up close and keep him there. He seemed so much like Jimmy himself—wandering about neglected and lonely.

As he watched the Christmas crowds, Jimmy somehow no longer resentful toward them, murmured, "Maybe they have little puppies too, 'n that's the reason they're hurrying—they want to go home and play with them. And Bit, (to the

(Continued on page 11)

I am the bread of life: he that cometh to me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst.

I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly.

I am the light of the world: follow me, and ye shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life.

To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth.

I am the door: by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture.

HERITAGE

BARBARA DAVIS

WHAT has Christianity meant to the world? What contributions has the religion of Jesus made to civilization? Has it "made good" moderately, or splendidly, or at least hopefully? Will it be counted as one of the many faiths in which mankind seeks comfort and security or will it forever spread gloriously the gospel of love, service, and human brotherhood?

These questions can be answered at least partially by a glimpse at the development of personal liberty, the spread of culture, and social progress.

Among all of the non-Christian countries of the earth, not one had conceived democratic ideas about the inalienable rights of the individual; not one had succeeded in developing a broad, beneficent government that could protect the people against tyranny. With the dawn of Christianity came the recognition of individual worth and the development of a society quickened by the principles and teachings of Jesus of Nazareth. "Brotherhood, liberty, democracy are enfolded in Christianity as the branch, blossom, and tree are enwrapped in the seed." As Christianity pierced the tough shell of autocracy with thoughts of the sacredness of the individual and of the dignity of man, only then were democracy and freedom recognized as essentials in the wise and just governing of the nations upon earth.

The contributions that Christianity has made to the culture of the world are innumerable. The Golden Age of art is said to be from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century—after Christianity had triumphed over the pagan faiths that flourished during the Dark Ages. The greatest of all of the masterpieces of art are concerned with Christian themes and arise from Biblical sources.

The influence of Christianity on architecture can be seen in the Gothic cathedrals and monasteries of the Middle Ages. The emphasized lines changed from horizontal to vertical lines in the pointed arches that carry the eye upward and denote the aspiration that permeates the Christian religion.

The demand of the Church for music appropriate for worship called forth the musical talent of the world. As the result of the desire of Christians to express their fervor in song heaven-born melodies were written, and poems that have been loved by countless millions through the ages.

The teachings of Jesus planted the seed that grew into the first school system—a system of parish schools that soon spread from Italy into all of Europe. In the establishment of nearly all of the colleges and universities of Europe and America, the generous influence and guidance of the Church are evident.

Science, education, rationalism, ethical programs, mechanical genius and inventions—none of these can insure social progress without the inspiration and dynamic force of Christianity. Charles David Eldridge says, "The woof of social progress consists of material things, its warp of ethical and spiritual ideas." It would be well nigh impossible to discover any worthwhile reform that did not originate in the Christian religion. Christianity has done more toward uprooting social evils and exerting its corrective influence on others than any known force or faith.

The evidence of the ages answers our questions about Christianity's contributions to civilization and shows us that Christian principles and ideals practically applied promote the balanced development of the individual and society and guide mankind toward the goal of perfection.

I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me.

I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep.

I am the vine, ye are the branches: he that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit.

He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief.

The blind receive their sight and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the gospel preached to them.

I am the light, and in darkness at all.

Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God.

He that loveth not knoweth not God; for God is love.

I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.

Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and today, and forever.

In Him was life; and the life was the light of men.

Scribes' Page

A CHRISTMAS PRAYER

*Let Christmas come softly this year, God.
Let it sing quietly into each heart.
Guide each mind to reflective quietness.
Help us to find the glowing warmth of
love,
And the shining glory of long-sought
peace.
Lead us softly and unearth the kindness
Deep rooted in our hearts . . . waiting to
bud.*

Men need a quiet feeling, God.
—B. K., '39



HEAR THE HERALDS?

*Above the pounding of countless
machines
That creak their song of endless toil,
Above a city's shifting scenes,
A city searching in turmoil
For what it knows not, yet knows it
must seek—
The angels are singing of good will and
peace.
But the city hears not and men silently
shriek
A prayer for the day when the searching
will cease.*

—D. S., '39



BATTLE'S END

*The moon and I have ridden down
the night together.
Across the sky, across the hours,
and down behind the oleander
white with flowers
I've seen it go, and seen night
follow slow,
Leaving me alone to face the dawn.*

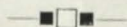
—A. P., '40



MIRACLE

*It were a simple thing that one could
blow
Away the murky night from blinded
eyes.
But that a hand could touch him where
he lies,
Heart frozen in the bitterness of slow
Ensnaring pain that comes not to go
Again till death will quench the fire,
smoke rise
In twisted spirals, winding up the skies—
That any touch could heal his hurt or
know
The inner depth of it, or feel the scar
That stains his soul, or see behind his
face
The secret beauty there—that every bar
Imprisoning the glory that does pace
Within each man be broken—were a far
Flung magic hurled from heaven to this
place.*

—M. G., '39



EXCEEDING JOY

*To each God gives an eastern star,
On each bestows a voice;
And he who speaks of that great light,
In him does God rejoice.*

—L. W., '39

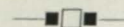
O HOLY NIGHT

*The twisted mouth
of a beggar child;
The tangled lashes
and hair grown wild;
The darkened eyes
of constant pain;
This child walks tonight
in the snow and rain.*

*No virgin tender
and saintly mild
Bends o'er the twisted
mouth of the beggar child
To sooth the ache
and cool the pain,
To take from the child
a corroding stain.*

*A beggar walks
the world tonight
Long after the star
has faded from sight,
Searching for a manger . . .
with bleeding feet
That leave their trace
in the snow and sleet.*

—J. K., '40



WILD DOVES

*Cold and clear as a bugle note,
that dawn,
And out of it on the first gold lifted rays
comes flying silver.
Hundreds of silver breasts curved to the
wind—
Hundreds of silver wings lithely flashing
and closing,
Purple as they shadow overhead.*

—A. P., '40

HOLIDAY

DOLORES SCHATZMAN



WHAT kind of Christmas do you like best? There are different kinds, you know, for Christmas is a thing of the mind—an intangible, almost undefinable thing. We all have our individual opinions as to how it should be spent and what things are needed to make it the happiest day of the year. For example, this is how I imagine Washington Irving would spend Christmas.

The day would begin in a huge colonial home, its main hall gay with evergreens and a blazing log fire. Candles would light a table burdened with food—plum pudding, turkey, cranberry pie, game, punch, and all the traditional things for Christmas. The meal would progress with hilarity after all the ancient customs had been observed. Afterwards the older people would tell tedious anecdotes around the fire; the young people would slyly make love; and the children would play until they were tired. The day would end, drowsily, on a philosophical note.

Sara Teasdale would surround herself with beauty—dim lights, white flowers gleaming softly in the shadows, pale flickering candles, and a small fire on the hearth. Outside the wind would be murmuring to the tall trees, and rain would softly sing against the windows. The day would be spent in dreaming of another Christmas spent in the company of someone beloved—a happier Christmas. If such thoughts bring pain, no matter; Christmas has come too often—it is the time for pain.

For Carl Sandburg, on this one day the pounding beat of countless machines would be stilled; great cities would pause a moment in their busy lives and sing; harbor lights would be candles lighting the dark shore line; the prairie would be covered with frosty, hard, cutting snow. Brawny men, unused to their freedom from labor would restlessly await the return of digging, building, wrecking, fighting. Then they would laugh—an unsteady laugh, for they know such rest could last only for this day. Tomorrow

they will return to the ceaseless toil of coarse, strong action.

Charles Dickens would see that the poor would have for once in the year a plenty of good things to eat—their cares forgotten for this one day. The rich would enjoy giving to others and even the hardest hearts would soften. The day would be spent in comfortable surroundings, congenial company. Great yule logs would be burning to keep out the cold. Everywhere are holly berries and mistletoe. From the carollers the strains of "God Rest You, Merry Gentlemen" ring through the clear, cold air. They would spend the day making good-natured jokes while the spirit of Christmas watched over them in good-natured affection. A Dickens Christmas would be much like the Christmas of Irving.

Perhaps you may think that these differences are superficial—that they really don't matter, and that is true. It is not the way you spend Christmas that counts, it is the feeling you have. The spirit of Christmas is the same the world over.

I OFFER MY SYMPATHY

GLORIA CHEN



ALL MY compassion falls to that class of society labeled "near-sighted." Its members suffer so many discomfitures, so many embarrassing moments, so many moments of agony. I am one who knows, for I am one of them.

It used to be that I, egged on by my womanly vanity, would dispose of my eye-glasses whenever possible. In one of those moments when that infernal vanity dominated my better judgment, I happened to be strolling casually along the avenue—without my glasses. Espying a familiar figure across the street, I stared and stared and tried to discern the facial features. But upon nearing the moment of passing the person, my manners subdued my curiosity; they directed my eyes forward and whispered to my conscience, "Walk on, walk on." Of course, the person was snippy Izzie Tungwaggler, so thereafter my name was stained "snob."

In memory of that occasion I now appear bespectacled on the streets. It seems, though, that I cannot even be sad in my sadness. In a theater once as I cried over a tragic episode, my tear-laden eyelashes brushed against the lens causing the characters on the screen to become comically distorted. When a person can't even enjoy his sadness, thought I, that's carrying things just a little too far. In desperation I stomped out of the theater and headed toward a restaurant.

As I entered the warm restaurant from

the cold air, steam clouded my eye-glasses. I groped around for a while until finally my hip bounced into a table, and my hand dove into a bowl of soup. Before I knew it the waiter, the tray, and I were holding a tete-a-tete on the floor.

Who enjoys being branded a snob? Why can't we be comfortably sad? Who enjoys "human hand soup"? For the sanity of us nearsighted folks and of posterity I hereby issue a challenge to scientists to find an overnight cure for nearsightedness.

LOST

(Continued from page 5)

tiny pup) everybody's got packages, but I've got a live one—a real *Christmas* present."

As they came to the big black bridge, the sun was setting in a red glow behind the skyscrapers. Bit, blissfully unaware

of the sudden change he had wrought, dog-like merely wagged his tail when his little master exclaimed, "Gee! Ain't it great to be in thuh city? Lookit thuh buildings in front of thuh sun! And look, Bit, even thuh dust is red—for Christmas. Ain't you glad me and you are here? Gee! I'm happy!"

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